The Commonweal

December 10, 1948

The Challenge to America

Henri Peyre

FOUR ESSAYISTS

Anne Fremantle

The Romance of Christian Industrialism

Civil Rights and the South

VOLUME XLIX 15c NUMBER 9

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commonweal Subscriptions for Christmas

The time for Commonweal gift orders is at hand! What could be more appropriate for discerning friends than this penetrating interpreter of a world still anxious to achieve peace (and of the whole realm of current books, plays, movies and ideas generally). Your Christmas gifts will begin with the December 24 issue and will carry right through 1949. May we suggest then that you send in your Christmas list without delay?

Although a Commonweal Christmas gift brings with it a substantial and colorful aggregate of good and informative reading, it is remarkably inexpensive. The more subscriptions you order the less each one costs during the Christmas Season. You may even include your own personal subscription (new or renewal, regardless of date) to make the most of the special bargain rates. Four or more subscriptions cost only $4.50 each, or you may have:

1 Subscription for $7 2 Subscriptions: $11.50

3 Subscriptions: $15

Latin America and Canada at these domestic rates.
Other countries: $1 a year extra.

THE COMMONWEAL, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Enclosed is $———. Send The Commonweal for one year to:

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

MY NAME IS _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

12/10

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XLIX December 10, 1948 NUMBER 9

THE WEEK 219
THE CHALLENGE TO AMERICA *Henri Peyre* 222
FOUR AMERICAN CATHOLIC ESSAYISTS *Anne Fremantle* 225
CATHOLIC INTERNATIONAL NEWS 229
AS OTHERS SEE IT 230
THE STAGE *Kappo Phelan* 231
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 231
BOOKS 232

Champlain: The Life of Fortitude—As Others See Us—Rembrandt: Selected Drawings—Chinese Painting—I Capture the Castle—Autobiography of Benjamin Rush—Journal of Herman Melville—The Regency Style—Laughter in the Next Room—Tales My Father Told—The Case of Peter Abelard—The Island—Words Into Type—The Pageant of India's History

THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman Founded by the Calvert Associates, Inc., in 1924 with Michael Williams as President and Editor.*
Published weekly and copyrighted 1948 in the U.S.A. by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second-class matter February 9, 1934, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. U. S. and Canada $7 a year. Foreign $8. Single copies 15c

EDWARD S. SKILLIN, *Editor*
PHILIP BURNHAM, *Executive Editor*
EDWARD F. MEAGHER, *Assistant Editor*
Associate Editors:
John C. Cort, Anne Fremantle, Gregory Smith
Kappo Phelan, *Theater;* Philip T. Hartung, *Cinema*
Advertising Manager
John Brubaker

"And when I was hungry, you . . ."

"HUNGER won't wait, those families need our help now." Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., chairman of the Share Through Care Committee, said this in Rockefeller Center during the third anniversary celebration for CARE—the Cooperative for American Remittances to Europe. Around him, on the ice in the skating plaza, there were girls in the colorful national costumes of European countries; as he finished speaking, a member of the United Nations staff reached into a container and drew out a name, from among the 100 "neediest European families," to whom would go the 7,000,000th CARE package. It went to Signora Rosa Liquori Vedova Annunziata, of Naples, Italy.

And who is Signora Liquori? She is a war widow, with two daughters, three and six years old, all of them homeless. The three of them share a friend's room at night, and during the day they walk the streets, searching for food, poking over the city's scraps and refuse.

So it turned out that Mr. Fairbanks was right. And there are others, hundreds of them, for whom such agencies as CARE and SAFE (Save a Friend in Europe) daily do their generous work. At a time when food is called a "political weapon," when hungry people are bargained for as "strategic pawns," and when the hungry themselves must desperately pillage cities in order to live, the *fact* of human misery takes on the ugly political overtones of suspicion and international bribery. Even poverty becomes a calculated exploitation, and the virtue of charity is chilled in the heart. It is in such an atmosphere that through CARE and other humanitarian agencies, a true spirit of American generosity, of Christian charity, has gone out to the hungry in Europe, and with our packages has gone what is most sincere and compassionate within us.

For all of us, the feast of Christmas is an occasion when, to the measure of our personal charity, we endeavor to relieve the suffering of those for whom there is neither lodging nor food. This year, none of us has to look far and wide for the hungry and the homeless, at the Christmas season or at any other. Rather is it a matter of looking into our own hearts and finding there what response we will to a haunting question: "But, Lord, when were You hungry?"

Civil Rights and the South

THE first skirmishes about impending civil rights legislation in Congress promise another parliamentary battle of major proportions in the offing. Senator Sparkman's (Ala.) plan to propose a delaying preliminary nationwide investigation of the present status of American minorities is not expected to get far, especially since the President's own commission only recently covered the ground. Senator Fulbright (Ark.) suggests a compromise measure, but Mr. Truman can be expected to insist now on the enactment of his whole rights program. Moreover, the supplanting of Senator Vandenberg by Vice President Barkley gives Southern Senators less chance to sustain a filibuster. It looks as if a Civil Rights bill will go through.

How much should it embody? One of the most insulting traditions in the South, one of the customs which clearly designates Negroes as second-class citizens even today, is refusal to address or refer to them as Mr. or Mrs. Negroes are usually called by their first names or nicknames, never with the formal appellation which in this instance is a sign of human dignity. Yet who would propose attempting to eradicate this by law? That is one indication of the practical limits to legislating on this matter.

At the other extreme are certain rights inherently belonging to all as American citizens. That means an anti-lynch provision, since there is no effective prosecution of white lynchers in several Southern states. It means an anti-poll-tax provision comprehensive enough to prevent all racial

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

discrimination at the polls, since an effective right to vote would serve as a check to many current evils. The bill must also have some sort of FEPC provision, with teeth, so that the livelihood of the Negro as such is not in special jeopardy. Since several states have failed lamentably to protect or supply these basic minima, it is clearly the duty of the federal government to step in. And also included in this list would be equality of educational opportunity.

On the face of it segregation provides the thorniest legislative problem. At times that custom of long standing is merely humiliating, say, different ticket windows at a railroad station. In other cases it means distinctly inferior and inadequate facilities—as with schools. The fact that many hospitals will not admit Negro patients under any circumstance is often the difference between life and death in regions where the cities are widely scattered. Would not very specific legislation banning certain kinds of discrimination be in the end more effective than any attempt to obliterate long-standing custom with all its ramifications by sheer legislative fiat?

There is something acutely disturbing about federal legislation which applies, against the will of a large contingent of local citizens, only to one section of the nation. Yet all Americans without question must be assured basic human rights.

Conditions are improving in the South; manufacturers are coming more and more to take on men because of their ability and availability. The bi-racial Southern Regional Council, which approaches many of these problems indirectly but persistently has recently completed its first five years with a membership of nearly 3,000. Some of its leaders, such as Paul D. Williams, hold that the election controversy has so jarred white southerners and made them so conscious of the almost universal opinion in the world outside that they no longer take racial discrimination for granted. But with all these things—and a Yale football captain and a Harvard football manager—can we afford to wait till everything works out? That would be pretty rough on the present generation.

Southerners should have a part in the drawing up of legislation that guarantees all Americans basic rights, and for the rest there should be constant prodding, unbroken personal contacts between interested leaders North and South and the growing force of improving Northern example.

The Generalissimo and the General

SOME Chinese Nationalists, turning on the Generalissimo, have recently repeatedly suggested that he take a nice long trip to America. But Senator Tom Connally, here in Washington, advises Chiang to lead his armies, and get on with his soldiering, instead of fighting for more aid. Chiang can hardly follow both these suggestions at once. Indeed, he may well follow neither, for he has never been very partial to advice, and US-trained armies "frequently have by him, against US advice, been broken up, mixed with raw recruits who did not know how to use American arms, and wiped out by the Communists. US arms worth millions have been captured by—and in some cases sold to—the Communists." (*United States News*)

In China, the Communists now already hold about a quarter of the area, a third of the population, most of the industries *and* all the arsenals. To fight such odds under a defeated leader may well prove to be an impossible undertaking, likely only to weaken the US by the continually increasing drain of men and money. But before counting Chiang out as hopelessly defeated, we must consider the drain on the West that would result from a hopelessly Sovietized Asia. And still more, can we overlook the fate of the Chinese?

The alternative, of course, is the old and oft-tried one of retiring from the mainland and concentrating on the periphery. In power terms, what the Generalissimo has lost in China may eventually prove less important when compared with the General's successes in Japan. The question, naturally, arises: what sort of success, and success in what? Learned observers, even liberal observers, disagree as to whether General MacArthur has whitewashed or white-sepulchred Japan by the imposition of the Constitution of November 3, 1946, by the dissolution of the Ziabatsu (money clique), or by the mushrooming of more than 32,000 labor union in less than three years with a membership of over six and a half million. Or whether the real and total demilitarization was, in reality, only the abandonment of obsolete methods and weapons already by-passed by defeat.

But, whether or not General MacArthur has succeeded in democratizing Japan, he has certainly succeeded in Americanizing it; and the picture of America's success within an enemy country is a glaring contrast to that of American failure within an ally. If, to use Mr. Churchill's warning phrase of 1938 anent the nazification of Europe, the lights are going out in Asia today (although some of the brightest were perhaps only will o' the wisps), yet they are certainly going on in Japan. General MacArthur has done what was possible; what Generalissimi Chiang has not done was, perhaps, impossible to do. The stay of execution accorded convicted war criminals contrasts oddly with the pitiful, begging flight of an ally. But, nowadays, the motto of the post-Marx world is to each according to his meed, not his need. Although nothing succeeds like success, wars simply are not won by even the most strategic of withdrawals.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Romance of "Christian Industrialism"

ECONOMICS is supposed to be a fairly prosaic subject, and not one to raise spontaneous interest in a normal, relaxed public. These columns, however, have enjoyed easy and unusual reader response (as I think profitable advertising media call it) from some scanty debate about how good or how awful is mass industrialism. A fight about industrialism touches the impatience and the romanticism which is natural, it appears, to very many articulate readers.

It would take long labors by very subtle analysts and philosophers to convince a reasonably skeptical observer just what choices are actually free in determining the shape of our economic production and distribution. The limitations of the world, and all our past sins and those of our ancestors, make such a heavy burden that reformers, we suspect, might as well for the most part whistle *Dixie*. That is, the economic machine will most likely grind along a course which is largely set, and the decisions of reformers will not be terribly important in molding the shape of the machine. But society, and even economic society, is made up of individual persons and their relationships. We do have some freedom, both to choose our own relationship to the great economy, and to influence in our tiny fractional way the great economy itself.

There appear to be those who tend to rely on developing industrialism as the economic framework of a human and Christian society, and those who repudiate industrialism as a means to a good society and look rather to some distributist and agrarian economy.

The romanticism of the "Christian Industrialists" seems to me outrageous. They talk along as though the man in question were the great, brawny, bare-chested man at the forge, glistening with honest and highly esthetic sweat. It is something the way leisure-class women like their men to be "civil engineers" who build steel suspension bridges before breakfast. These romantics make "know how" what it is in current advertising. Industrialism appears as the fascinating night glow over the colorful valleys of Alleghany County, and as the beautifully marshalled loading platforms of Detroit with those abstract masses whose poetry Sheeler paints capably for modern museums. "Trade Union" becomes the contemporary equivalent of "the Church," and Industry Council Plan substitutes for Augustine's prognostications on the City of God. Father Cantwell lets us suppose that Christ "would have become" a steel worker. The historic fact is, Christ was a carpenter and wanderer, Who lived as man in Palestine about nineteen hundred years before the assembly line was invented in America.

The encyclicals have been brought in, and efforts to argue by rehearsed appeals to authority. The relevance escapes me. Of course there is a good way and a bad way to live and work in a mass-industrial economy. Saint Paul taught how to be a good slaveholder, and a good slave. Popes, the very greatest, bought and sold—and freed—slaves. But the developing spirit and practice of Christianity was highly instrumental in removing from earth the age-old slave economies. Advocates of the assembly line really ought not romantically wave papal colors in the public's eyes.

American society—and far less any other—is *not* primarily an industrial society, if we mean by industry that manly sort of basic, primary production of hard goods which appeals to the thwarted poet in us all. Look at the Census, or, more easily, pages 456 and 410 of the 1948 "World Almanac." In January, 1947, total employed was 55,390,000. (This does not, apparently, include government service nor armed forces.) How many of these were creating from rude nature the world's steel girders and dynamos? How many were ingeniously constructing electronic devices, or back-saving tractors, or even Bendix washing machines? How many, in all, were romantic heroes of industrialism? Not, the present point is, many. Seven million, two hundred and twenty thousand, for example, were "clerical and kindred." "Service workers, except domestic," included 4,210,000, and domestic-service workers numbered another 1,570,000. "Salesmen and saleswomen" totaled 3,240,000 folks. . . . About all of whom few poems are written. . . The biggest manufacturing industry was "motor vehicles, bodies, parts," with 397,537 wage-earners, and not a few of these few, we suspect, clerical, sales, and service workers. Let us see: "Hosiery—full fashioned" and "Hosiery—seamless" were right up there, eleventh and twenty-third in rank; "bread" was sixth; "cotton broad woven goods," third. Etc.

It is not primary or basic production which romanticists of industrialism are in fact defending, not the steel puddler, the engineer, and the maker of dynamos. The current economy—and the evidently emerging dominant system—is not properly "industrial" at all. This is not an age of primary, basic industry, but an age of red tape, bureaucracy, and waste, and war. Kafka, and not Henry Ford, is its prophet. The impatience of assembly-line lovers seems to me aroused not by attacks upon the economy which two people can actually see, but by slurs on their private dream: wherein the slave and the master, the serf and the lord, the employee and the boss, the socially secure and the bureaucrat, are all lying down together thinking beautiful thoughts—in the misty vales of Utopia.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Challenge to America

Henri Peyre

THE FUTURE of the world as we look at it today hangs on the possible development of Russian-American relations: agreement on this truism is general. Yet surprisingly little is done by most of us to face the issues with clarity, with courage, with wisdom. Mankind has refused to heed the prophetic advice of the philosopher Bergson, who assured it, several decades ago, that its future was in its own hands. The very men from whom constructive thinking should come, educational, business, political, spiritual leaders, seem bewildered and resigned to the worst. We had expected much from the youth which the experience of a war had matured. That youth has indeed astonished us by its smooth readaptation to civilian life, its sanity, its seriousness of purpose, its generosity in forgetting about its sacrifices and in girding itself grimly for the daily struggle. Yet, it, too, has disappointed us. For it seems reconciled to the inevitability of world wars, baffled by the complexity of the foreign problems, unable to suggest new and broad solutions.

The diplomacy of a democracy need not be conducted amid the wrangling of the marketplace; but it must reflect the latent trends of public opinion or eventually rally that public opinion to the decisions to be enforced. Honest and, if possible without oversimplification, clear thinking must be expected from the enlightened common man, or else we shall have to confess that our highly developed means of information have been of little avail in helping us understand the world around us and mold the probable shape of things to come.

Two requirements must be met by any attempt at facing, with common sense and in a constructive spirit, the problems of the hour. *Realism* is the first. It is futile to resort to acrimonious name-calling about whose guilt or blindness may have caused the present unsavory conditions. From our mistakes, lessons must be learned which may enable us to err less, or to err differently and unpredictably, in the future. It is cowardly not to look squarely at some of the immediate dilemmas which confront us, and to take refuge in lofty but vague principles and clouds of generalities. For politics is the realm of the immediate. To think, said Goethe, who should have known, is less difficult than to act; and to act according to one's thought is the most difficult of all. An intellectual who will see only the abstract face of every question soon becomes uninfluential. Must we stay in Berlin or not, organize Western Europe militarily or not, support the rightists or the socialists against the communists? Such, and similar questions, will not wait for an answer. That answer must necessarily be chosen on the grounds of principles, but also of expediency when compatible with principles.

But *idealism* is no less essential, and it can coexist with realism. Realism, in the means applied, must implement a dynamic goal steadfastly pursued. Such a goal must lie beyond what is immediately feasible; it will command all the more devotion if (as happened when it was decided to build fifty thousand planes, or to equip ten million men, or to land in Guadalcanal and Iwo Jima) it will at first have seemed inaccessible. The souls of men will endure dire present suffering if a better future seems in store for them or their children. Nations will lay aside their internecine quarrels more willingly if they aspire in common to a purpose which fires their imaginations. The pall of gloom which has spread over Europe today, three years after a smashing victory and the appointed dawn of a new era, is largely due to our failure to hold out firm hopes to men gripped by fear.

America deserves little blame for it; she has displayed forbearance with her former Allies, generosity with impoverished victors and destitute vanquished; she has not stinted material aid and has proclaimed her solidarity with the rest of the world. But she has been timid about assuming spiritual leadership of the human race; yet nothing less was expected from her. The rarest of all gifts was needed: imagination, which moves mountains by offering new vistas to tired mortals and could devise a new organic order for a Europe badly out of joint and oppressed by her own accumulation of centuries.

It is no use beating our breasts in self-condemnation about our past mistakes. We have made surprisingly few during the second World War and may well stand proudly on our record. For our own political and diplomatic errors, such as the rapid demobilization of our forces after V-Day, the whole nation is responsible. For our illusions about the true motives of Russia, public opinion must receive the blame in part, even though it was egged on to its Russian enthusiasm by propaganda organized in Washington.

Public opinion on foreign affairs has seldom

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been more united in this country than it is at present. Both candidates to the Presidency agreed on essentials. But they failed to provide their audiences with more than vague generalities or high-sounding platitudes. We believe that the citizens of America, and those of the rest of the world whose eyes are fixed on this country, deserve better than the little they have been niggardly offered lately; that it is possible to formulate the broad points of a policy, at the same time realistic and idealistic, clear-sighted but imaginative; that such a formulation by the leaders of the country would go a long way toward dissipating the hesitation and the fears with which American moves are received in Europe today.

*

A) Our policy toward Russia is, and has to be, to a large extent, a policy of *containment*. Ever since security spheres were drawn at Yalta by the triumvirate which then re-drew the globe, we have attempted to limit Russian expansion. While our Slav Ally was acquiring control over a hundred million neighbors, we had to take steps to keep from her Greece and Turkey, hence the Mediterranean passage, Arabian oil, friendly bases across Africa, approaches to the North Pole, etc. Such a policy on our part was reasonable, given the circumstances; and it was the safest guarantee against an eventual third world war. But it is to be regretted that we did not proclaim our aims openly and that we laid ourselves open to suspicions of imperialism and hypocrisy. It is not too late today to announce loudly what our line of defense must be in Germany, in Austria, in Greece, elsewhere if need be (Scandinavia, Iran, etc.). Far from provoking war, we would probably avoid it by being clear and resolute.

B) Containment, however, has never been a satisfactory policy for long. It is a negative and uninspiring program. A more *dynamic program* is in order for the country upon which has been thrust the caretaking and the leadership of the demoralized Western world. We have lost the five or six countries which are now called Russia's satellites, partly for geographical and military reasons, but also through sheer timidity and misunderstanding of their psychology. All we offered them, at the time of their "liberation," was the adoption of a political system resembling ours, with a minority party, a free press, and free elections. To the masses of Poland, Roumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, such a framework for a political democracy appeared meaningless. It could only lead to a reinstatement of their former ruling classes, which they had good reason to distrust. It overlooked the great fact that this war had been to them a true civil war as well as an external one and that it should be followed by a social and economic revolution.

In a word, we should have offered them the prospect of better living conditions, through the UNRRA no doubt at first, but chiefly through drastic agrarian reforms, greater farming efficiency, limited and progressive industrialization. Thus only would those Easten European lands cease to be the poor relations of Europe. Thus only would they cease to be at the mercy of German (or Russian) industrial monopoly. Political democracy, for which those countries had little tradition and perhaps little inclination, was only, to them, a mockery, unless they could look forward to a much greater share of *economic* democracy. If the Western Allies did not bring them the necessary revolution, some one else would. And then it might bring enslavement as well.

C) Two conditions had to be fulfilled. The first was an imaginative and *bold policy on Germany*. We wavered from the Morgenthau Plan to Mr. Byrnes's lenient appeal to the Germans in his Stuttgart speech; we passed from severity to efficient reconstruction of destroyed factories. We now seem reconciled to rebuilding a centralized Western Germany which will produce again upward of ten million tons of steel and will soon be retsored to first place in population and economic power on the European continent west of Russia. Such a policy can be supported by good reasons, partly of humanity and natural sympathy for the "underdog," partly of disappointment with the other chief Western power on the continent, France, whose internal strife endangers reconstruction: it may be necessary to rearm our former enemies tomorrow with American lend-lease and to ask them to fight a delaying action, along with the French, Belgians, and Dutch, until the Anglo-Americans can again land on the Continent and bomb Russian bases.

But we cannot ignore the fact that we are thus stifling forever all hopes of a new deal in Europe. For not only does French fear of Germany persist; not only will Scandinavian nations remain cool to a reconstruction of Germany, and Czechoslovakia distinctly cold to such a prospect. Not only is there a strong revulsion of the moral sense of Europeans who have not forgotten the horrors of nazism and the extermination camps. But, by again restoring Germany to a dominant industrial position in Europe, we are making it impossible for the Poles and the Balkan nations ever to win independence from German economic supremacy. A few lean years would have been borne more lightly if there had been hope that, soon, backed by American capital and engineering, Eastern Europe could develop a Danube Valley Authority, could enjoy a fair share of the coal, steel, chemicals produced by the Ruhr *for the*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whole of Europe, could look forward to a progressive industrialization which alone would raise her standard of living. By falling back upon the easy and unimaginative solution of rebuilding industry where and as it was—in Germany—under a supervision which may prove temporary or illusory, we have badly shaken the confidence of the nations which we should have lured away from Russia.

*

D) The other factor which hampered a dynamic policy in Europe is our morbid *fear of the word "revolution,"* and the paradoxical determination of Americans to forget or dismiss the fact that their own country was born of a revolution and has a revolutionary tradition of which it may well be proud. It is ridiculous to find America regarded (and regarding herself) as the bulwark of conservatism, while in truth, in industrial know-how, in labor relations, in social welfare, in her G.I. Bill of Rights, in her school system, in her way of life, and in her way of thinking, America is far more revolutionary than the countries which call her such "names" as reactionary, imperialistic, capitalistic. Americans worship a few phrases like "rugged individualism" and "private enterprise" to the point of fetishism. These phrases embody a fine idea and sound well in Rotary Club meetings.

But we must see beyond them. In fact, long before the New Deal, and since, there has been far more socialism actually practiced and lived in the United States than in three-fourths of Europe—to say the least. If France had the Sherman Act, the Pure Food Laws, and a dozen other measures insuring decent benefits to her working classes, greater production, better distribution, she would not need strikes, nationalizations, and would not lapse into periodical discontent and political turmoil. Through a revolution, if she effects one, she will only catch up with whatever socialism is enjoyed, under another name, in the "capitalistic" United States. The ERP, shifting as it does responsibilities in international trade from the private exporters to the government, subordinating immediate private profit to the long-range interests of the community, constitutes another revolution in the financing and foreign trade of America; "private enterprise" has gracefully accepted it, provided its creed was nominally respected. Collective ownership of the means of production, which is the essence of theoretical socialism, is not desirable in America; but practical socialism, which means a wise check on private enterprise and on trusts, equality of opportunity, and correction of natural unequality through laws, is more real in the United States than in most countries of Europe, which use the word, but lack the thing.

E) American policy must be even more far-sighted; for it now holds a receivership for the greater part of the civilized world, and either it will be dragged down into chaos by those whom it is trying to rescue, or it will bring the world back to sanity and harmony through the ambitious pursuit of a new order. There are two requisites to meet if failure is not to result. First, we must realize that no amount of material assistance will insure to America the gratitude or the alliance of European nations, unless we also offer those nations hope in a world in which peace and fraternity may not be vain words. Communism is to us synonymous with much that is evil. We must not, however, overlook the fact that it is, to most people, a new religion, and that a religious or mystical faith can only be vanquished by a more powerful faith. Defeating Germany was, comparatively-speaking, easier than defeating Russia would be; for nazism was automatically destroyed along with the Third Reich. But communism will not be beaten when Russia is; it may rise more powerful from destruction and chaos. Nor will it be outfought by a mere conservative platform, which advocates maintaining the social structure and economic order enjoyed today in some prosperous and contented countries.

Only a liberal creed, proposing more freedom than communism but also more justice and a fairer deal for the small man in Poland as well as in Spain, in Korea as well as in Greece, will ultimately replace the communist appeal. And such a creed must not neglect the frustrated hopes of mankind in the United Nations, the international conferences, the UNESCO, etc. Such hopes are now at their lowest ebb since 1944. They wait for a rally-point. More people than is realized by our statesmen want a World Government to become a reality. Let not our policy disregard the boundless potentialities for faith which exist in the souls of men today. America should stand at the vanguard of all generous movements for a world union. She should point the way to a world which men of good will can envision as a promised land.

*

F) The material world, meanwhile, has shrunk, and Europe's age-old position as a center of the economic life of the world is gone—irretrievably. The Marshall Plan has been the generous acknowledgment by a great nation of its unprecedented position as equally powerful industrially and agriculturally, extraordinarily rich in raw materials, and capable of turning out manufactured goods and of providing services to an almost unlimited extent. Europe's scarcity of dollars will long outlive the Marshall Plan; the Old World will desperately need to export to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America, in order to buy from her raw materials, cereals, and essential machinery, but will have almost nothing that American will need and want. Some luxury goods, British wool, French wines, the tourist trade, will never suffice to pay for the goods that America will be eager to sell and Europe eager to buy.

The solution is a long-range one, which will require all the imagination of businessmen and statesmen. It lies in the development, through American capital, machinery, and experts, of parts of the world tied politically, economically, and sentimentally with Europe, but hitherto left in a comparatively backward state: the colonies and mandates which lie mostly in Africa. For only the restoration of parts of Africa—which served as the granary of ancient Rome—by irrigation and efficient cultivation can compensate for the loss to Western Europe of the countries which have become, willy-nilly, satellites of Russia; only such an agricultural renaissance can alleviate the food shortage which is now feared for the population of the world dangerously on the increase.

Moreover, the only imports which America will be glad to receive are raw materials which may be strategically vital for her: bauxite, manganese, tungsten, mica, lead, zinc, uranium, and perhaps someday oil. These raw materials can be exported by Belgian, French, British, Dutch overseas territories, once they have been developed along modern lines by American cooperation; in exchange, Western Europe would sell finished products and machinery to those territories which would transfer to the Old World part of the dollars that America would pay them. Thus only could a new three-cornered, balanced trade exist in the world. Guarantees would be made to insure that none of the evils of a superannuated colonial system be perpetuated; the susceptibilities of the French, the Belgians, the British, would be protected, since they would retain their bonds with the territories on which they spent energy and capital in the past, while recognizing that they cannot today, without American assistance, insure their efficient participation in a modern world economy. Africa and, in other respects, South America, hitherto inadequately developed and, unlike Asia, underpopulated, must today be integrated more closely with both European and American economy. From them may come the salvation of Western Europe, left truncated and bleeding by the war and the "Iron Curtain."

Such a program, roughly sketched, is the most formidable which has faced a great nation. Neither Great Britain in her era of predominance nor France in her period of material and cultural superiority ever had to face responsibilities equal to those which are now forced upon the United States. For the rest of the world has to be saved, but also to be persuaded. It requires a higher standard of living than in the past and a faith which satisfies its heart as well as its reason. America has proved that she has, to a degree hitherto unequalled, the qualities of generosity, of organization, of determination, of wisdom. Will she have enough confidence in herself to fulfill the high expectations placed in her by the rest of the Western world? Will her leaders, in the year 1949 and following, rise to the ambitious definition given by Talleyrand when he asserted that "statesmen must have future in their souls?"

Four American Catholic Essayists

ANNE FREMANTLE

THE TRITISM that England and America are two countries linked by a connecting ocean and separated by a common speech, is never more apparent than when considering the differences in their literature, and especially in their literary backgrounds and history. For behind the written word is always the whole of its language's whole history, and there are few histories so dissimilar as that of the island England and the continental United States. America was never part of the two great unities Europe knew and in which England shared: the Roman Empire and Catholic Christendom. There is no classical, as no Christian, heritage here, no feudalism, no Crusades, no long class struggles outletted in national expansion, as were the Norman Conquest, the French Wars, the Wars of the Roses, the Elizabethan forays, which were reflected in such works as Giraldus Cambrensis, the Morte d'Arthur cycle, the chroniclers, and finally Chaucer.

Nor, even in the nineteenth century, are there many parallel shared experiences or emotions to be recollected in a same tranquility by England and America. American literature was never exultant with the swaggering materialism or with the aggressive optimism (George Eliot and Herbert Spencer called it 'meliorism') which arose from a combination of industrial ingenuity and genuine scientific discovery, and which characterized so much of British writing, from Thackeray and Disraeli to Kipling and Trollope, and is perhaps most adequately expressed in the Hymns A & M. But then neither is there to be found on this side of the Atlantic the undercurrent of genteel misgiving, that hides in the patronizing affectations of Charles Kingsley, S. Baring-Gould, Mark Rutherfurd and even in the work of the unctuous explosives manufacturer whose best book is "John Inglesant." Instead, in America, an expanding industrialism pushed national frontiers first to the coast, and then across the Pacific Ocean, to China, where it began to find by trade, what England had found in India, that markets

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have a political significance that grows in geometric ratio to their economic importance.

The differences between the two literatures are well exemplified by two great nineteenth century autobiographies: Newman's *Apologia pro vita sua,* as contrasted with Orestes Augustus Brownson's story of his conversion. Newman was born in 1801, Brownson in 1803; the Englishman outlived the American by nearly twenty years. But both wrote the stories of their souls in the glare of the noonday sun, and over and above the difference between man and man, the reader cannot help being aware of the tremendous differences on the level of what may be called national psychology. For all the splendor of Newman, there is in him a certain smugness, almost a pomposity; he is always the Oxford don, not consciously arrogant but supremely sure: his search is sincerity itself, but it is the search of one entirely certain that for him nothing less than the best could be good enough, and of course that best must be the Beatific Vision. As was to be said of Benjamin Jowett:

> I am the master of this college
> What I don't know isn't knowledge

so, for Newman, the spires of Oxford were a terrestrial symbol of the spires of the celestial city.

*

Orestes Brownson's is a more homespun approach. Truth is for him something obviously necessary, like a backbone: one cannot stand upright without it, therefore it must be discovered, and when discovered, held onto, at whatever financial or fundamental cost. As a child, unlettered and untutored in any faith, he loved to read the Bible and was moved to tears by the story of the Passion, but later, finding Methodist preachers had the stronger lungs "the more I listened to them the more I feared hell and the less I loved God. Love gave place to terror." Born a Congregationalist, he was at nineteen baptized a Presbyterian, which he described as an "act of intellectual desperado." Later he became a Universalist, because he hated the doctrine of hell; later still a Unitarian, because faith had slipped from him like a viper's sloughed skin. He must have served for portrait to Rose Macaulay, whose hero's appearance in "Potterism" is always heralded by one of his children saying, with a sigh "Poor papa's lost faith again." This meant, as it did for Brownson, a new search for a livelihood, and short commons for all until a new pulpit was secured.

Yet, through all Brownson's roamings, he kept that attachment to truth which had made him, as a child of nine on a fair-ground, get involved with two farmers in an argument about predestination. And no doubts prevented his pen: he wrote as he breathed, and a steady stream of sermons, essays, novels, plays, came from his pen. However uneven in construction, whatever he wrote is almost uniformly adequate in expression. Brownson's English is admirable: simple, clear, unlarded by rhetorical flights or scholastic asides designed to show off the author's taste or erudition. Thoreau once came to teach school at Canton, where Brownson was ministering, and for six weeks tutored the Brownson boys. He must have found it a curious household. Sally Healy, Brownson's handsome wife, had Indian blood which accentuated her natural melancholy. This was aggravated, no doubt also, by a husband who could never keep a job, and who had such a passion for chess that he would sometimes play with one or the other of his sons from 8 a.m. until midnight.

But if Brownson's Yankee English is free from whimsy, it also lacks the imagination, the daring, the richness, that comes naturally from generations of literate forebears, well-nourished intellectually. And there is a certain naïveté about Brownson's enthusiasms that would seem childish to any European. The over-valuation of Godwin, whose style, Brownson claims, is the best in English since "Burke's unhappy influence on the language" becomes, after Brownson's conversion to the Church, an over-denigration: he does not merely burn, he butchers what he once adored. "There is scarcely an error that Godwin does not contain, and he who has mastered him may regard himself as in possession of every error the human mind is capable of inventing."

*

Anyone who dips or dives into Brownson's *Quarterly Review,* a publication Brownson wrote and produced for many years singlehanded, cannot fail to be impressed by the forwardness as well as by the forthrightness of the often truculent author. Few European Catholics could have written so boldly of the capitalist system: "The British system, the mercantile system, the credit system, the banking system, the system that gives the supremacy to trade and manufacture, the system originated by the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, I regarded, and still regard, as worse than the serfdom of the Middle Ages, and worse even than slavery as it has existed or can exist in any Christian country." It was not until Belloc and Chesterton and Gill that England was to hear similar accents.

And how admirable Brownson is on marriage, without benefit of Freud! "Marriage in the Christian sense is really practicable, for the majority of the non-laboring classes, only by the grace of the Sacrament. For men and women in easy circumstances who are not Christians, but who are abandoned to simple unassisted nature, it is a burden too great to be borne, as the experience of all ages sufficiently proves. Christian marriage proceeds on the assumption that man, with the Grace of God, is free to love, and can love, and faithfully perform if he chooses, all that is implied in the marriage contract. But Calvinism and infidelity alike, denying free will in fact, even when they do not in name, are obliged to reject marriage in the Christian sense, and to be consistent must assert what is called free love."

Even Brownson's novels, which are artificially contrived, are full of an egregious practical wisdom, served, as a good roast should be, with no fancy sauces, but with something tart, a sour jelly or dill pickle, to point up the flavor. "Biography is the fruit of vanity or of a false philosophy," Charles Elwood is made to state, "the memory of the good man lives in the virtue that went forth from him, that of the great man in the results humanity obtains from the victories he has helped her achieve."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And, in his dull "The Spirit-Rapper" (never had any book less flavor of the supernatural) Brownson says "every man adheres but the firmer to his opinions the more unpopular they render him." Again and again, in the very age of Victoria, he vigorously returns to his views on marriage: "the error of supposing love as a sentiment suffices for the basis of a happy marriage is productive of much misery. The error lies not in setting a high value on sentiment; it is in supposing that it does or can suffice by itself. In supposing that love is fatal, is destiny, uncontrollable by intelligence and will, in not understanding that all love is worship, and that the creature can be safely loved only in the ideal, in the Creator"—words which might serve as a motto to ninety-nine percent of divorce certificates.

★

Brownson had many theories of what Catholic writing should be, and they were dynamically expressed, "the devil, when he would seduce us, came usually disguised as an angel of light; if he came in his own character, we should at once recognize and resist him. If we must have a literature for those who are not serious, for the weak and vain, let us have it, but let it be free, hearty and joyous. Let it beat the tambour, sound the trumpets, but let it, in the name of all that is sacred, never sigh, mope and talk sentiment. . . . Crude and hasty productions are reprehensible under a moral as well as under a literary point of view . . . we have no respect for professional authors. An author class, whose vocation is simply authorship, has no normal functions in either the religious or the social hierarchy. . . ."

Brownson was perfectly aware of his own reputation as a thorny radical. "I hated what is called policy" he declared of himself when young "and I have no great fondness for it even yet. A man's life blood is frozen in its current, his intellectual life deadened, and his very soul annihilated by the everlasting dinging into his ears by the wise and prudent, more properly the timid and selfish, of the admonition to be politic, not to compromise one's cause or one's friends. I doubt not I shall carry to the grave with me the reputation of being reckless, ultra, a well-meaning man, perhaps an able man, but so fond of paradoxes and extremes that he cannot be relied upon and is more likely to injure than to serve the cause he espouses."

He never wrote truer words. From his early experiments with Fanny Wright to Margaret Fuller and the Transcendentalists at Brook Farm, from the days of Workingmen's party to the time of the *Catholic World,* Brownson was intellectually, as well as socially, tactless. He was a Whitman-styled American, and grace, that works in and with nature, took care never to change that. He represents Catholic writing in America at its most indigenous. The great German-Irish struggles of the nineteenth century left their mark on the language, as well as on the attitude, of American Catholicism. But Brownson, though he engaged in, still is apart from such currents. Lord Brougham in England, Victor Cousin in France, regarded him as America's leading genius, while Père Gratry, at the Sorbonne, declared "America is not proud enough of her Brownson. He is . . . the Newman of America."

★

Father Hecker, Orestes Brownson's first disciple, the community baker at Brook Farm, who had preceded him into the Church, was showing the Paulist Church in New York to Agnes Repplier when she was nineteen and had just begun to write. "Why," Father Hecker asked her, "do you write fiction? You are not equipped for it. You have no knowledge of life, and no power of observation. Your stories are unconscious reflections of books you have read. You are essentially a bookish person and you must travel along your appointed path if you are going to get anywhere." "But what," Miss Repplier asked, bewildered, "am I to write?" "Essays," was the brief reply. "I don't know how" Miss Repplier said. Father Hecker pondered. "Who is your favorite author?" "Ruskin." "Then write me an essay on Ruskin and I will see that it is published." The "Dean Emeritus of American essayists" described her own initiation in her "Eight Decades." She is now ninety, and has every reason to look back on a most agreeable and yet dedicated life.

Born of French parents in Philadelphia in 1858, she was well grounded in the classics at her convent school and has given a charming account of them in her volume, "In Our Convent Days." She grew up to present Henry James to the public of Philadelphia when he made his first address; and at seventy, she was sent to Seville by the American Government as American representative at the celebration there in honor of Columbus. She is herself everything that, for James, an American woman was not. She is urbane, civilized, witty: never sentimental but sharp, sometimes malicious and catty (which she would regard as a compliment, for the cat is her favorite animal, an august, Olympian creature) and merciless towards her own sex. Her essay on "A Happy Half Century" which dissects the mediocrity of the women writers of the last decades of the nineteenth century and what they got away with, is one of her most delightful, and she is as feline as can be about Hannah More or Felicia Hemans. She can be just as pitiless about herself. Her account of herself reaching forty, having made a literary friend, and of how she lost him, is enchanting.

She had corresponded at great length, and for a long time, with Andrew Lang. When she went to London, naturally, she went to see him. "He was very hospitable. I dined and lunched and drank tea with him, and went with him to a cricket match at Lords, which he, at least, enjoyed, and to an exhibition of fans and miniatures. He did all that a reasonable man could do for my entertainment. He bade me a cheerful farewell and he never wrote to me again."

★

The story of John Boyle O'Reilly, "once an English soldier, now an Irish felon, and proud of the exchange" is one of the most exciting of the whole nineteenth cen-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tury: no boys' adventure story ever carried anything so dramatic as O'Reilly's escape as a convict from Australia, or as his pretending death to escape death at British hands at Roderique, or his going after a whale, and wishing he had been allowed to drown, as he could foresee no better future. His battles with Brownson "for the honor of the Irish" are ancient history, but his "Moondyne," the story of a convict based on his own experiences, is astonishingly vivid.

O'Reilly and Brownson, in their so essentially differing origins, are united in their devotion to the American Constitution. Brownson's socialism arose wholly from his Americanism; for him equality, social, economic, and educational, was the explanation of America; for O'Reilly, liberty was the continual undercurrent of all his thinking and writing. "Tyrants," he wisely said, "are part of the people themselves, the diseased part, and this disease is not local, to be cured with a knife, but constitutional, and only to be reached by the medicine of equity, morality, and self-respect." Compared with the sheltered lives led by Brownson and Repplier, O'Reilly's life reads like a Superman story. No one is surprised that he was not a better writer; the astonishment is, that living so dramatically, he could write at all. He is the subject of a book, an outsize in heroes; to think of him as a writer is almost physically difficult, as though this big, black Irishman fitted uneasily into desk-chair or even found laurels unsuitable, as today his poetry may be found clumsy. Yet his violence, so Irish, and so American, is one of the reasons for the astonishing twentieth century flowering of American writing: the vitality of Wolfe and of Hemingway owes much to such men of violence, to the Brownsons and the O'Reillys of the nineteenth century.

★

There is something of that violence, of that outsizeness, in another Irish-American. Louise Imogen Guiney could not be more unlike O'Reilly. She was born in Boston on Jan. 7th, 1861, and was educated by the religious of the Sacred Heart at Providence. She adored her "*preux chevalier* of a father" as she called General Guiney, who died when only 43, as Boston protonotary, from wounds received during the Civil War. As he was crossing the Common, some children playing, saw him kneel down beside a tree and cross himself; that was his end, and a good one. Louise was an attractive, vivacious girl, who "hated clothes as much as any boy," habitually broke rosaries, and has described herself as "literally too happy to live" when exercising on the rings and vaulting bars of a Swedish gymnasium. All her life, her favorite occupation was taking long walks with big dogs, and she seems to have had an exaggerated feeling about animals in general. One of her best poems ends:

> Then proffer man your pardon and together
> Track him to heaven and see his heart made new.

For three years, from 1894-97, she was postmistress at Auburndale near Boston. Already something of a celebrity—she began to write successfully when hardly more than a girl—she found her job complicated by her admirers, who would come to the window and discuss metre to the annoyance of those who wished to buy stamps, and by religious bigotry: because she was a Papist—and a "cradle Catholic" at that—her post office was actually boycotted. When she retired from the job, she was delighted. "I have never yet made twice six anything but nineteen, nor remembered a face for a second time," she admitted.

★

Her first volume, the "Goosequill Papers" is pedantic and airless; in her last, "Patrins" (called after the name for Gypsy trails) the essays are admirably adult. Her own favorite among her many books was "The Roadside Harp" though most would agree that "The White Sail" published in 1892, contains her best poems. She was once described as "Hazlitt's child" and doted on the name, for she is, indeed, nearer Hazlitt than any other writer. Yet she has that Irish violence—she preferred to call it "soldierliness" ("My grandfather and great-grandfather were out in '98, and the old man was out in '45" she was proud to boast)—which made her see her Catholicism as "a frightful responsibility" and state that "few people can be trusted with an education." She rooted for Mangan, too, in a dashing enough way for a gentle spinster, and, in general, her best biographies are of fighting failures: Robert Emmet, Hurrell Froude, Edmund Campion, Henri de la Rochejacquelin.

From the turn of the century on, she made her home in Oxford, and then, after the outbreak of World War I, in Chipping Camden, a Cotswold village about twenty-five miles from Gloucester, where she died on All Souls' Day, 1920. Although by choice an expatriate, she felt herself American, and some of her wisest words were written about the normal relationship between an American and Europe. "There is but one thing which can honorably draw the heart out of an American in Europe. He has wrought for himself the white ideal of government; he belongs to a growing, not a decaying society; there is much without upon which he looks with wonder and even pity." But, she goes on, his shrine is whereever ages of use have hallowed some lowly object, a mounting block, a medieval stair, where he can see and hear "our sunken footfalls ages before we were born . . . truly the love of man calleth overseas and from towers a great way off."

She was no mean poetess, this compatriot and contemporary and correligionist of Lionel Johnson's. "Herds again, go hillward in the honeyed rain" or "Keen as the ancient drift of sleep on dying faces blown" are samples picked at random from her verse. But it is as essayist that she will be remembered, and "Patrins" may be read in the company of Hazlitt or Matthew Arnold, and hold their own.

In the clash of a Brownson and an O'Reilly (their statues honorably adorn the Fordham Campus and the Boston Public Library) as in the quintessential culture distilled by Agnes Repplier, and illustrated by Louise Imogen Guiney, American literature is well served.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CATHOLIC INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Notes from Japan

Tokyo, 10/25 (CIP)—An increase of 70% in the number of persons baptized in 1948 in comparison with the corresponding period in 1947 was revealed in statistics just released here. Adults baptized during the past year totalled 6,875. That the percentage of increase will be far surpassed for the corresponding period of next year is indicated by the fact that 15,278 persons are now receiving instructions.

The total Catholic population of Japan is 120,165, which represents a 10% increase over last year. Significant in this increase is the fact that for the first time the number of Catholics outside the diocese of Nagasaki (59,659) is almost as large as that in the Nagasaki area (60,626). In former years, Catholics outside of Nagasaki were thinly spread. The increase for Catholics outside of Nagasaki during the past year is 16%.

Tokyo, 11/24 (CIP)—The International Women's College of the Sacred Heart, conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart in Tokyo, has now been officially affiliated with the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. The affiliation with the Catholic University will enable the International College to confer the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and, within the near future, Bachelor of Science. In addition, the new affiliation will make possible the recognition of credits issued to students of the International College by any institution of higher learning in the United States.

The International College lost eight of its nine buildings, including laboratory facilities, during the war. This is delaying its right to issue Bachelor of Science degrees. Courses are at present given in both the Japanese and English languages.

Tokyo, 10/22 (CIP)—United States recognition of the services rendered to American prisoners and internees during World War II by the Prior of the Benedictine Fathers in Tokyo, the Very Rev. Hildebrand Yaiser, was expressed in the presentation of a silver plaque by the American Government. Father Yaiser is a Swiss citizen and represented his Government in its welfare work in behalf of Americans and other nations in the Tokyo-Yokohama area, and in the northern portion of Japan.

The Benedictine Mission which Father Yaiser directs has been formally adopted by St. John's Abbey at Collegeville, Minn., which will begin to supply the personnel required in the future administration of the mission. It has been announced that one priest from St. John's, who is currently studying Japanese at the University of California, is expected to reach Tokyo some time in February. In addition, the Rev. Athanasius Fuchs, at present stationed in Manila where he recently converted 15 Japanese inmates of a prison camp, will also arrive here next year.

An Army Major, James Studer, formerly stationed in Tokyo, returned to the United States some months ago after his separation from service to enter St. John's Abbey in preparation for work at the Tokyo Mission.

Tokyo, 10/21 (CIP)—The first social work of the National Federation of Catholic University Students in Japan, which was to be formally organized October 31, will be the distribution to needy students of some $4,000 worth of clothes and shoes which were received from the Student Relief Campaign conducted at American Catholic colleges by the National Federation of Catholic College Students.

In addition to its program of aid for needy students, the Federation is designed to facilitate the work of local federations throughout the country in arranging for the study of students abroad, organizing lectures by prominent speakers, and fostering the study club movement. The National Federation also intends to assist in problems of local groups, such as the settlement of student strikes, should any further difficulties arise.

Shipment of shoes and clothing to Japanese students from the members of the Catholic Federation in the United States was implemented by *Pax Romana,* the International Secretariat of Catholic University Students.

Tokyo, 11/25 (CIP)—Initial preparations have been completed for an international pilgrimage to Nagasaki, Japan, to celebrate the fourth centenary of the arrival of Saint Francis Xavier, the first missionary to enter Japan (May 29, 1549). The American President Lines has agreed to make one of its larger ships available for pilgrims from the United States, and General Douglas A. MacArthur has expressed the wish to entertain as his personal guest the Papal Legate who will probably be appointed to take part in the celebration.

Plans for the pilgrimage were approved by the meeting of Japan's Bishops last May. Officials of the American President Lines have expressed their "amazement" at the interest shown in the pilgrimage by United States residents. Tentative arrangements for their transportation call for departure from San Francisco early enough next May to insure arrival in Nagasaki by May 29.

In Japan, the provinces of Nagasaki, Kagoshima and Yamaguchi have pledged support to the pilgrimage. Nagasaki has set aside ten million yen for the celebration, Yamaguchi is printing a biography of the Saint for distribution in all schools, and Kagoshima, where Saint Francis Xavier first landed, is erecting a church which will be inaugurated at the time of the pilgrimage. Plans call for a tour of the principal centers of St. Francis Xavier's missionary activities, including the Hill of the 26 Martyrs in Nagasaki, where the Papal Brief will be read, Kagoshima, Yamaguchi, Hiroshima, Kobe, Osaka, Nara, and Kyoto, national capital of Japan for more than a thousand years, where Saint Francis Xavier made an abortive attempt to reach and convert the emperor. The main events of the pilgrimage will take place in Tokyo beginning June 4 with an open air pageant of the Saint's life, visits to Catholic institutions, and the concluding Pontifical High Mass which will be celebrated in Meiji Stadium.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AS OTHERS SEE IT

Catholics and the Ecumenical Movement

IN THE November issue of *Blackfriars,* Henry St. John, O.P., makes the following observations:

> The Lambeth Conference and the World Council of Churches at Amsterdam, held this summer, have brought the question of Christian Unity once again into the forefront of consciousness. . . . it seems worthwhile to consider from the Catholic standpoint what value their efforts are likely to have in fostering a Christian Unity which is founded upon Truth. . . .
>
> Does it matter what happens in the Church of England or in any of the Christian bodies which owe their origin to the Reformation? What is our attitude to these bodies as organizations? Is it of the slightest importance, as far as truth and true unity are concerned, which direction they take, or what arrangements they make among themselves for furthering their own coherence?
>
> The view of the majority of Catholics would probably be that it matters not at all. By their separation from the divine authority of the Church these bodies have forfeited all claim to speak in the name of Christ; the inevitable result of their original schism is that they are becoming more and more subject to the corruption and diminution of such truth as they still possess. Their separation from divinely constituted authority leads, by a kind of inherent determinism to the disintegration of their capacity for truth—a doctrine of inevitable regress comparable, but in reverse, to the idea of 19th century optimism. In consequence what happens to the Church of England or any other non-Catholic religious body can be of no interest to the Catholic, who can do nothing but stand by and watch the breakup, with regret it is true, but with a regret not untinged with the satisfaction which comes from what one has always said proving true. . . .
>
> Is it however a true view? In other words is such a view consonant with God's providential dealing with the affairs of men as they actually exist and not as they ought to be? Does it take account as fully as it should of the varied modes in which divine grace acts through the Mystical Body upon the souls of men? I do not think that it does, and if these things are fully considered I believe that they will show that the ecumenical movement may be of very great moment for the ultimate reunion of Christendom. . . .
>
> Divine authority is only to be found within the true Church whose center of unity is in Rome. But that is not to say that God in His ordinary providence does not use separated Christians through their organized bodies as instruments for teaching His truth. The truths themselves have their own inherent authority and they are presented also with the human authority of the organization which teaches them, and, at least to some extent, preserves them. . . .
>
> One-sided emphasis is observable in our insistence upon the fact that schism has caused non-Catholic bodies to lose their share in the divine authority of Christ's Mystical Body, and in our forgetfulness that, in some degree at least, they have retained their share in its supernatural life. Many of their members are incorporated sacramentally in that life by baptism, many receive truths of Faith through the Scriptures presented to them as God's Word, which by its own inherent power and often by a corporate tradition of interpretation within their communities, gives them, imperfectly indeed, but still in its degree effectively, the gospel of salvation. In all this the religious body to which they belong, itself only acting by human authority, is an instrument under the guiding hand of God's providence by which they are brought to some degree of membership in Christ's Mystical Body which is the visible Church on earth, though still, owing to their separated allegiances, outside the scope of its authority and its full sacramental life.
>
> If the foregoing principles are true it follows that what is happening in the non-Catholic religious bodies is of the utmost importance, and Catholics should realize that the growth of truth within them is a matter of vital moment. This is particularly true of the Church of England.

The Psalms

WRITING in *Orate Fratres* for October 31, Rembert Sorg, O.S.B., discusses at some length "The Spirituality of the Psalms." Here is a short excerpt:

> While the whole Bible is inspired, yet it may be truly said that the subject-matter of the Psalms excels in spirituality. Characteristics of the Spirit are namely, love and abounding life and song.
>
> The Psalms are a perfect love of God, "beautifully mad," and ardent. Their original Hebrew names . . . indicate this. . . . The Psalms are prayers composed for singing. Thus they are prayer-hymns. These names and the facts show that God is always the principal object of the Psalms, intensely personal, intimate and present to the psalmist. The latter is constantly addressing God, praising, glorifying, petitioning, sanctifying His name in all the fervor of an ardent, confident love, that finds itself in happy as well as adverse circumstances of human life.
>
> Vigouroux's splendid observation belongs here and it would be a lacuna on our part to miss it: "Not only does God occupy the most important place in these hymns, but out of the 150 psalms that make up the collection, there are only 17 in which He is not mentioned in the first verse. Constant and most intimate union with God—that is the most salient characteristic of the psalms."
>
> . . . Because the Spirit of the psalms implies singing them one will not fully understand them until one sings them. And there is nothing in the world like the sung psalm! In fact, in the spiritual life there is a sort of ontological relation between the Spirit that understands the psalms and singing them properly. . . ."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Stage & Screen

The Young and Fair

GRAPHICALLY, there is neither murder, rape, arson, nor mayhem committed on the stage of the Fulton during its present tenure by N. Richard Nash's play. There is, however, loud evidence of theft, perjury and juvenile fascism, plus every assortment of treason and venial nonsense. Mr. Nash's scene is a girl's Junior College and I may say, with his effort, we have graduated down from last week's "Goodbye My Fancy," and considerably down from the long-ago "Children's Hour." The piece depicts a school whose Headmistress has made every economic and moral concession; whose students are *run* by the daughter of the chief trustee; and whose interior workings are considerably jammed by a sincere assistant, who is also an old alumna. In short, Mr. Nash's play includes everything but the kitchen stove; and I am not sure it doesn't embrace that contrivance, too. There is the Girl who is a Freudian bully; there is the Girl who is a Freudian thief; there is the honest Girl, who loved Roosevelt; there is the confused Girl, who is a Jewess; and finally, there are all the "little" Girls who make up the mob. The business builds into a teeming melodrama, not clearly assisted by Harold Clurman's direction, but in the main, ably acted by most of the acutely talented ingenues on the street. Julie Harris's mentally sick youngster is tops; Lois Wheeler's and Patricia Kirkland's sterling jobs come next in importance; and Doe Avedon's hissing teen-age villainess will probably clinch her mentioned movie contract. The adults do not, naturally, come off as well. After all, it's hard to be grown-up acting a "penny dreadful." But I do think that Frances Starr, as the aged Headmistress, might have minimized some of the tremolo; and there ought to be some way to convince Mercedes McCambridge that clenched fists and rolling rrr's are a sad substitute for candor and determination. I think it is fair to record that the sensationalism of the play may keep these earnest people employed for some time. But for an honestly current, honestly important "Olivia Twist," we are going to have to look farther and deeper than this Vinton Freedley production. Paul Morrison's set is nice. (*at the Fulton*).

As the Girls Go

FOR ANYONE under thirty (or forty, for that matter), the conspiracy of critical approval surrounding Mr. Bobby Clark is a puzzling business. Mr. Clark's present opus—one can never speak of a *play* in connection with him—has something to do with his being the husband of a President of the country; and if ever there was a good theme wasted, the Winter Garden's nightly doings illustrate it. Irene Rich as the first "Lady" Chief, poorly sings, has no lines, and looks beautiful; there is no satire; there is corny music by Jimmy McHugh with silly lyrics by Harold Adamson; there are fiercely dressed choruses by Oleg Cassini; and most of all, there is Clark, Clark, Clark. In five years of reviewing the stupidities of the big street, I must say I have seen nothing of this haloed comic but a long repetition. Certainly he can carry a trick cane, fling a mean hat, puff a two-way cigar, ogle a girl above and below her waistline, and sport the famous pencilled glasses. And it's awfully funny. Once. But let nobody suspect that it has anything to do with the "current coin of the realm," or the current news, or the current humors. The people who are crowding the Winter Garden are there either for an adjusted "girlie show" or because they have been vastly misled by the nostalgia of the critics. And my overheard lobby-gossip proves this latter suspicion. In the future, if you're looking for fun, wit, or comment, I should hazard tickets on Savo, Moore, Mostel—in fact anyone, who is not afraid of speaking, or even sneaking, lines; illustrating them by action; and, in short, dealing with a couple of ideas rather than merely a determined ditto. Mr. Clark doesn't fit into this category—I wish he would. (*at the Winter Garden*).

KAPPO PHELAN.

Travel Is Broadening

LET'S CONTINUE last week's discussion of foreign movies, for no matter what our preferences are in regard to Hollywood productions, it is good to know what the Continental films are saying.

"Long Is The Road," which has dialogue in Yiddish, Polish, German and English (as well as subtitles for those who cannot speak the foreign languages), was made in the American Zone of Germany. While it is not very imaginative as a fictional movie, it is intensely sincere as a semi-documentary. It tells the story of Jews who were persecuted by Hitler, put in concentration camps or put to death. And it tells of some of these men and women who are still in camps. They are called displaced persons. They now work—and wait for a real home, and, while they are not suffering as they did under the nazi régime, they have little opportunity, through no fault of their own, to lead decent full lives. This film, which is particularly well acted by the leads whose story we follow on this long road, pleads their cause well and should make thoughtful people realize how slowly we are acting to relieve the situation.

From France has come Sacha Guitry's new comedy satire, a movie that isn't really a movie at all but an illustrated lecture on several incidents in the life of Napoleon. Amusing, cynical and cinematically static *"Mlle. Désirée"* shows how the girl Napoleon fell in love with as a young man and then walked out on for Josephine got even with him many years later. Guitry wrote, produced and directed this film, and in the second part he plays the rôle of Napoleon. Although it doesn't come off too well, the whole thing is kind of a cute trick. Guitry acts as narrator; some of the dialogue is carried on by the actors, some by him. And at the end of the first part (which shows how Napoleon ditched Désirée) he explains that a new cast will now take over for the second part which takes place some years later. The film goes in for a lot of flag waving and famous names are tossed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

around right and left, but if Guitry thinks that anyone in this country is going to shed a tear for Napoleon (as does Désirée when she is the queen of Sweden) he is mistaken. The cast which includes such outstanding players as Jean-Louis Barrault, Gaby Morlay and Jacques Varenne, is very much in the satiric spirit of the comedy. Herman Weinberg's English titles are good, but they get worked overtime in a picture like this that never stops talking. You can take or leave the film's intended message that France always survives.

The Soviet picture, *"Admiral Nakhimov,"* is more than a little biased too, but its director, Vsevolod Pudovkin, certainly knows how to make a movie. If you can disregard the script's pro-Russian political line, you'll find this account of the Crimean War quite stirring for its epic quality. Elexei Dikki gives an outstanding performance as the Russian admiral who was the big hero of the naval victory at Sinop and the defense of Sevastopol. It is interesting to watch how the film tries to humanize Nakhimov (much as American biographers are now vitalizing Washington the man) but it is only mildly successful on this score. Nakhimov continues to stand as a courageous leader, an intrepid strategist—but only occasionally does he step off his pedestal. Pudovkin's best direction is in the mob scenes and battle panoramas which have the effect of history on the grand scale. I'm sure that the English, however, will hate every glorious moment of this chauvinistic film.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books

Champlain: The Life of Fortitude. Morris Bishop. Knopf. $4.00.

THIS admirably written biography of Samuel Champlain is aptly entitled *The Life of Fortitude.* Yet though Champlain had that, as well as the others of the natural virtues—adding to them, at any rate in his later life, the supernatural virtues as well—he does not emerge from this book as a really great man. He was a good man, wise, patient, kind and courageous, but without the brilliance and dash that I had hitherto imagined him to have possessed. That this is so, I intend as a compliment to Mr. Bishop. For he has literary gifts of such a high order that he could have embellished Champlain's story and panoplied him in a heroism that his scrupulous honesty will not permit. What he can write with truth is this: "Fortitude is, I think, strength to endure for a purpose. Champlain possessed this strength. When others complained, he did his work; when others turned back, he persevered; when others died, he lived. His strength was physical, for only a man of extraordinary toughness could have survived his trials. His strength was also mental, for his whole long life was a battle against faint hearts, the mean-spirited, the avaricious, the sensual. The life of fortitude is a noble thing to contemplate." That it is more within the compass of the average man than the splendor of heroism makes the contemplation of this life perhaps more practically useful than the presentation of more dazzling qualities.

And yet, in truth, the achievements of this man were considerable. For it was more through him than anybody else that France was established in Canada and that the tradition of friendship with the Indians was laid down. This was in strong contrast to the Spanish policy of subjugating the savages, or the Anglo-Saxon policy of exterminating them. At the same time the friendship with the Hurons involved the French in a war against the Iroquois, and this barred their way to the Mohawk Valley and New England. Had it not been for this the whole North American continent might have fallen to France, and, as Mr. Bishop remarks, he might have written his book in French instead of English.

But such speculations are idle. Champlain adopted the only course open to him, and he chose with realism and carried out his purposes with as much gentleness as the situation permitted. Though he was primarily an explorer, he did not wish only to exploit the possibilities of the fur trade but to colonize, and also to convert the Indians. In all these objects he had success, or laid the foundations of success, for though in 1633 he was obliged to surrender Canada to the English, he and his captors discovered, as soon as they reached England, that this conquest of Canada was entirely illegal, as peace had already been signed. He therefore returned to his governorship of New France, where two years later he died.

Mr. Bishop has, it would seem, almost all the qualities that a writer of a book of this sort should have—zest in adventure, learning, humor, good sense, pleasant skepticism in the right place, liveliness and vividness. If he lacks the sweep of a Parkman or Prescott and their grand manner, he has everything else, and an up-to-the-moment knowledge that may be taken as more than sufficient. I particularly commend his use of imaginary conversations. These occur seldom and Mr. Bishop candidly says, in bringing them in, merely that we may suppose that something like this may have been said. Such suppositions are not only legitimate but unavoidable if the missing links of history are to be supplied. He concludes, however: "Most of the truth is never written down, for there are many actors and few recorders. Of the truth that is written, most is lost, for time has a thousand devices to destroy men's industry. So to find the truth we must soon leap from the fact, to hazard, to guess. And do we find the truth? Why no; only at best, a good guess, a provisional truth." I for one am content with the results of this method as employed by a man so intelligent and honest as Mr. Bishop shows himself to be.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

As Others See Us. Andre Visson. Doubleday. $3.00.

IN THIS BOOK Mr. Visson has constructed a rather interesting, and relatively appetizing literary sandwich. The unusual part of it is, however, that he has followed the reverse of the accepted procedure. That is, the real meat of the book lies at the beginning and end, while the middle part is filled with rather fluffy generalizations and repetitions.

For all of that, Mr. Visson has attacked one of the more paradoxical, and in its way highly important, problems facing the American people. And he has made some quite wise and penetrating observations concerning it. America is today in a curious situation. She is looked to by the peoples of other countries for protection and assistance—in a literal sense, for a kind of national life insurance. But these same people are skeptical of her mo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tives in giving that assistance, and fearful of her influence in rendering that protection.

It is this inconsistent and contradictory attitude which Mr. Visson attempts to explain. And he does very well, within certain limits. One of these limits is his preoccupation with the influence of the so-called intellectual class. That they play as great a part in the determining of public opinion as Mr. Visson believes is open to serious doubt. And although the intellectual class, as such, undeniably holds a highly favored position in European society, the latitude Mr. Visson allows himself in his definition of "intellectual" tends to weaken his basic premise.

Another of the limits within which Mr. Visson works is that formed by the national boundaries of France. *As Others See Us* tends to be pretty much a matter of "as the French see us," to the relative exclusion of the other major powers of Europe, and the virtually complete exclusion of the minor ones. The French intellectuals may well be suffering from what Mr. Visson calls the "Athenian complex," in which they look upon America with the same intellectual scorn as the Athenians did upon Rome. But, if Mr. Visson's intellectual-group premise is extended to fields which he does not cover, that certainly does not serve to explain the attitude of Belgian or Dutch intellectuals, who are far from Athenian.

In spite of these limitations which Mr. Visson has set for himself, *As Others See Us* contains much that is well worth pondering. The biases and misconceptions about America, some of which are truly amazing, that exist in the minds of many Europeans can be quite dangerous for us. As Mr. Visson shows, they have provided a fertile field for Soviet propaganda, and will continue to do so unless we move with increasing vigor to check them. But in order to do this we must first understand the nature and causes of these prejudices. To this end, although in *As Others See Us* he has not provided a final answer, Mr. Visson is much to be commended for having made an excellent start in the right direction.

JAMES O. FREDERICK.

Rembrandt: Selected Drawings. Otto Benesch. Oxford University Press. $7.50.
Chinese Painting. William Cohn. Oxford University Press. $7.50.

THIS critic, even when faced with two or more juxtaposed objects or ideas, is possessed of an almost irresistible inclination to relate them. Assigned to review these two books, the question naturally arose: what possible relation is there, or can there be, between the drawings of Rembrandt and Chinese paintings? Apparently none. If relate them one must, one can do it only by noting the differences, by emphasizing their opposite qualities, by stressing the fact that here are two artists at the opposite ends of the poles. Basically, you have two arts here which arise in different conceptions of art, forms dictated by contrary cultures, and we can comfortably sing that little ditty by Kipling about East being East and West being West and how "never the twain shall meet."

Rembrandt lived in an age when the individual, having passed his tutelage, began mightily to assert himself. In his chosen art he summed up his age as surely as Shakespeare in another art had summed up his. But so great was his genius that even the advocates of academic Classicism, which had grown in the second half of the century, could not withhold generous praise for his drawings. It is significant that the famous classicist apologist, Roger de Piles, not only paid tribute to these drawings but also recognized the fact that many of Rembrandt's ideas entered his drawings only, which represent a category of work in its own right, equal if not superior to the greatest creations of painting. The technical revolution implied is, however, not any more important than the idea of the individual to which it gave form. The artist could no longer depend on an abstract or absolute idea; even a religious or a mythical theme demanded individual models, a realism which gave concrete expression in the sense that contemporaries at least might recognize the persons who posed for it. For good or ill, the individual was enthroned, only to be dethroned in the mechanical age in the atomized cog-in-the-wheel man of Picasso and some of his contemporaries.

The Chinese temper permitted individualism neither in its life nor in its culture. Chinese artists, through the centuries, as Mr. Cohn clearly demonstrates, were limited by tradition. Realism for its own sake was out of place. The artists, we are told, "cut themselves off from the commonplace and material things, devoting themselves to the contemplation of those of deeper meaning." They were even restricted in the choice of their symbols and in the choice of their landscapes, flowers, and animals; for everything depicted had to have symbolic meaning. But, as the author says, to explain this, one should have to go great lengths in analyzing the whole body of civilization in China. None the less, "linked up with the symbolic character of so many topics is the fact that painting is knit into the life of the people in a much deeper manner than we are accustomed to in Europe." A very definite demand for pictures has developed among the people in the course of the centuries. Judged by this standard, the art of painting is a truly democratic art in China, even as the art of music is. The bedroom, the study, the nursery are all served. Even the seasons, the holidays, the anniversaries, the marriages, the passing of examinations, have their place, and "no house is so poverty-stricken as not to own a few pictures, even if they are kept to ward off evil spirits or bring luck to the family." On the other hand, the impact of the West on the East in recent decades has not been without result. "Although," Mr. Cohn tells us, "the Chinese masters frequently work in both styles, and their reciprocal infiltration cannot be denied, indigenous and foreign orientations now stand in opposition to each other." The author is inclined to the opinion that "a synthesis of Eastern and Western art methods has the greatest possible prospect of bringing about a new powerful Chinese painting."

However this may be, both books are magnificently produced. Perhaps because we are more familiar with the subject, the introduction to the Rembrandt volume is brief, and for the most part technical, while the Chinese volume is considerably enhanced for the non-specialist reader by an elaborate preliminary study rich with fascinating detail which offers a generous glimpse into Chinese life as well as its culture.

JOHN COURNOS.

I Capture the Castle. Dodie Smith. Little, Brown. $3.00.

LOOKING OUT across the fields from the castle window on a March day, Cassandra begins her

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

journal: "I write this sitting in the kitchen sink. That is, my feet are in it; the rest of me is on the draining board, which I have padded with our dog's blanket and the tea-cozy."

The book is the adventure of a hard-up and eccentric English family who have a forty-year lease on a castle. Engaging and original throughout, its author has not only a gift for story-telling but much womanly wisdom about the world as well. Her characters, from Topaz, the stepmother, who plays the lute and looks like a Blake angel, to father whom the children imprison in the dungeon in a desperate effort to make him write, are alive and interesting. Indeed, the tale must have been lived; it is fresh as a daisy. ANN HUNTER.

Autobiography of Benjamin Rush. Princeton University Press. $6.00.

AT THIS comparatively late date we have the first complete and unexpurgated edition of Rush's autobiography, together with the diaries that he kept during the last quarter century of his life, 1789-1818. Printed for the American Philosophical Society, every reader of early American history will find much in it that is new and important. Although Philadelphia is the center of the account, there is material in it about Rush's student life in Edinburgh, about his short career in the Army Medical Service during the Revolution, as well as revealing and frank character sketches of many of those who, with Rush, signed the Declaration of Independence.

After having served as an apprentice to a physician in Philadelphia for about five years, young Benjamin Rush went to Edinburgh in 1766 to study medicine. Two years later, at the age of twenty-four, he received his M.D. degree. His diaries tell much about his work as a physician in Philadelphia both before and after his service as an army physician. He was so critical of the poor medical service being given to the soldiers that he complained directly to General Washington, and then resigned. During the administrations of Washington and of John Adams, we note that Rush made a definite effort to show no interest whatever in political affairs. He makes it very clear that he was a follower of Jefferson, and that he distrusted both Washington and Adams. During the same decade, the 1790's, he was engaged in bitter controversy much of the time with the other physicians in Philadelphia, with reference to the cause of yellow fever. Rush was partly wrong and partly right. He took such controveries very much to heart and wrote at length about them in his diaries. To most readers, however, the earlier sections of his account will perhaps prove more interesting. He writes plainly about the "patriotic" motives of many of the suppporters of the Revolution; he maintains that he gave the name *Common Sense* to the influential pamphlet that Tom Paine prepared; he makes some remarks that seem surprisingly modern on price controls; he discusses in an inquiring and very sincere manner his religious convictions. You will not agree with every observation but you will learn much American history from Dr. Rush. PAUL KINIERY.

Journal of Herman Melville, 1849-1850. *Eleanor Melville Metcalf. Harvard.* $3.75.

THIS BRIEF and hasty "Journal of a Visit to London and the Continent," edited and lavishly annotated by Melville's granddaughter, is a very human document which affords some interesting insights on the man and his books. Melville went to England in October, 1849, in search of a publisher for the potboiler *White Jacket,* with the successful travel books *Typee* and *Omoo* and the unpopular novel *Mardi* behind him. At thirty he was a writer established in fame if not in fortune, confronted with the problems of providing for his growing family and of completing his artistic evolution. It is clear that he was torn between the new concern for his family and the old desire to see the world; a plan evolved on shipboard for an excursion to the Near East had to be abandoned when he found the London publishers hardhearted. A few days in Paris and on the Rhine took the place of the longer expedition. This journal, the only one of Melville's that exists with the exception of the *Journal Up the Straits,* covering part of 1855-6, is notable for its scanty attention to the familiar incidents of voyage, its rich picture of London literary life, and a few suggestive notes of ideas and books which anticipate *Moby Dick* and *Pierre.* The book, very handsomely printed and bound, should interest a wider audience than the growing group of Melville scholars. MASON WADE.

The Regency Style. Donald Pilcher. Batsford. $6.00.

SINCE MOST American books on architecture are written either by antiquarians with a tedious fondness for trivialities or by pedants with a frightening lack of interest in the society which made an architectural style possible, many readers of Donald Pilcher's *Regency Style* will be amazed to discover that the discussion of an architectural epoch may be at once scholarly and entertaining. Unlike our architectural historians, Pilcher is not afraid to be amusing, and he stops in the midst of commenting on the use of iron in the Regency to tell us the story of John Wilkinson, the "iron madman" who was so impressed with the future of iron as a building material that he not infrequently displayed to his dinner guests the iron coffin in which it was to be his happy fate to be one day interred. Such a detail is not, after all, trivial, for it reminds us of the ecstatic dreams of iron which troubled the sleeps of architects as important as Porden and Nash.

If iron was all important, and stucco, too, in the days of the Brighton Pavilion, so was the "sense of congruity," which led the Earl of Shrewsbury to enliven the scenery of his Gothic Alton Towers with stucco sheep. It was no doubt this same instinct for the appropriate which made Sir William Chambers describe a Chinese garden disturbed by bats, owls, and vultures, and decorated with pillars remembering the horrid deeds of outlaws.

Yet no reader of Mr. Pilcher's volume, with its rich quotations from Payne Knight, Alison, Repton, and Loudon, will make the mistake of dismissing the Regency as merely fad upon fad each more exotic than the other. "The glory attached to the Gothic battlement or the Greek entablature may have departed," comments Mr. Pilcher, "but the house opening to its garden, the free interiors of Soane and the open, landscaped city remain as possibilities which have only become more desirable and more capable of realization in the course of the last hundred years." And the ladies dressed according to Gothic fashions who thought Gothic thoughts while gazing at Gothic turrets were, after all, living in gentle harmony with their architectural surroundings.

This is a Batsford book, and the illustrations live up to their standard of excellence. WAYNE ANDREWS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Laughter in the Next Room. Sir Osbert Sitwell. Little. $4.00.

THIS FOURTH volume in the Sitwell series is written, says Sir Osbert, to show the development of three artists—his sister Edith, Sacheverell and himself. It was both the necessary defensive against their parents which bound the Sitwells together as well as the thirst for creation they inherited from their father, but it is Sir George, implacable and obfuscate, who rather succeeds in stealing the book away from them. Osbert is at once fascinated and repelled by the parent who had the same objective disregard of other people's sensibilities as a Renaissance tyrant with the same passionate zest for the creation of beauty. At the close of his life, having relandscaped acres and acres of Renishaw, Sir George turned it over to his heir and retired to renovate the colossal old castle outside Florence, Montegufoni. The war came and Lady Ida Sitwell died but Sir George worked feverishly on with some of the large colony of peasants he had allowed to remain in the ruins until, ousted by the Fascists, he died obscurely in Switzerland.

His imperious will-power is well reflected in some notes left by one of his English agents who wrote: "Offered job as Road Surveyor. It's a job I've always wanted. Astonished to find myself not at all anxious to take it. Sir George has too many irons in the fire." At that moment there were ninety men, two tractors and twenty-one horses hard at work changing the contour of nature about Renishaw. A visitor to Renishaw once saw Sir George pass slowly by the dining room windows on all fours, a fedora on his head, a walking stick in his mouth. He was contemplating the lowering of the terrace. Another week-end guest was startled to have Sir George invade his room at dawn with a squad of men who began to remove the furniture. To escape parental exigencies, the brothers invented a mythical friend with a mythical yacht on which they took mythical cruises while all the while they were writing peacefully in an Inn at Amalfi. During the peace interim, they organized the first show of modern art in London; almost persuaded Sir George to invest in Modiglianis and electrified society when Edith read her poems through a sengerphone behind a giant mask to an orchestral accompaniment by William Walton, the young composer they had adopted into their family. By inspiring and encouraging Lord and Lady Wimbourne to work for a compromise, Sir Osbert also feels that he was instrumental in averting a dangerous conclusion to the General Strike. His most important comment on World War I is an educational one: life at its most horrid point in the trenches, he declares, was less odious than Eton!

Being a clever man, Sir Osbert doesn't mind owning it but he thinks just as highly of his sister and brother, although Sacheverell rather fades out of the story along with the Lady Ida. Sir Osbert has an apt and sensitive vocabulary and his pictures of places and people in the series—Christmas at Blankney Hall, the Grenadiers, London drawing-rooms in 1913, the inimitable major domo, Henry Moats—are as keenly illustrative of their period as Horace Walpole's. Of Virginia Woolf, he writes, "in spite of the modernity, which was also hers, she manifested in her appearance, a Victorian distinction. . . . Her beauty was impersonal but in no way cold and her talk was full of ineffable fun and lightness of play and warmth." He dilates on the "luminous light yellow,

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE MU. 9-7000

it's open!

THE PENNY BANK

WHERE CHILDREN SHOP FOR CHRISTMAS

Our very special shop for youngsters . . . where they'll find gifts for Mother and Dad and all the family . . . for their friends and even for the cat and dog . . . Christmas presents priced to fit their purses, in colorful, easy-to-shop-in surroundings. Adults are welcome only when accompanied by a child.

Penny Bank Shop, fifth floor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more than tawny eyes" of T. S. Eliot "who had armoured himself behind the fine manner and fastidiously courteous manners that are particularly his own. . . . His clothes were elegant and he walked with a cheerful, easy movement . . . his carriage and the way he moved seem to explain the giant muscular control of rhythm he has acquired."

"It is difficult to know the end of the world when you reach it," is the closing sentence. Thomas Merton knows. Sir Osbert is too engrossed reading the signposts.

E. V. R. WYATT.

Tales My Father Told. Agnes Campbell. Whittlesey. $2.00.

ALL THESE scenes are familiar to a reviewer who lives in County Cork. The stories carry me back across the years to those golden days, in memory so full of sunshine, when I, too, listened to these same tales. I have sat by the turf-fire in the evening and heard the story of Finn MacCool's wife and the giant and laughed at the curious misadventure of the "traveling woman" on the slopes of Slieve Gullion, when the fairies granted her wish with such uncomfortable results. Like Eily and Shauneen I have searched for nuts in the glen and blueberries on the mountain.

Though these tales are not folklore in the antiquarian sense, they are the "little stories" told generation after generation to Irish children. They were told Agnes Campbell by her father, they were told me by old Joe, the Gardener, as I sat in his wheelbarrow and watched him rest his foot on his spade. They are the quiet folklore of the nursery, not the stock-in-trade of the *Shanachie* or professional story-teller. They are gentle, humorous, often pathetic, suitable for the ears of the very young. Yet never boring for the elders to relate. They link the world of the imagination with the everyday world of common happenings; they are true *magic*. Agnes Campbell has given us a picture of rural Irish childhood, nursed in warmth and tenderness, a picture of the unity of life, old and young, human and animal, of interrelation and mutual dependence.

The art of the *Shanachie* is dying. Only a few of these old men remain and they leave none behind to take up when they leave off. The written word, the radio, the films have robbed them of their place in society. This process of decay has been going on for the last hundred years since the Great Famine wiped out almost all the *traveling people,* the poets and the story-tellers who entertained the farming community as well as carrying the news round from one place to another. With them went the store of songs and tales which we will never recover. Now, almost too late, recordings have been taken and copies made of what old tales remain. But they were not meant to be written down, they were meant for recitation and each *Shanachie* contributed something of his own. In a way he brought his story up-to-date, often interpolating something he had heard or read in a newspaper. He would, if the fancy struck him, furnish his hero with an aeroplane or an atomic bomb. The written word loses this elasticity and vivid personal touch. The academic finger of the scholar is death to true folklore. I feel that something the same has happened to the "little stories" now that Agnes Campbell has written them down. Beautiful as they are and splendidly as she has told them, with clarity and truth, they are now set. She has saved them probably, from oblivion, though not as they were, the living, free expression of a people's art.

Two world wars had intervened and even in Ireland we no longer feel our world encompassed by the hills around us. We see the aeroplanes overhead, the sound of Europe crashing is in our ears. The hazel nut no longer symbolizes knowledge, nor the fish in the deep river pool, wisdom.

MARGARET BARRINGTON.

The Case of Peter Abelard. Rev. A. J. Luddy. The Newman Bookshop. $2.50.

ABELARD'S heresies were prodigious, equalled only by Saint Bernard's patience. This few would dare deny, but Dom Luddy is distressed by the fact that many, even among Catholics, think Bernard, in his zeal for orthodoxy, was harsh to Abelard as man, not merely as thinker. Dom Luddy's well argued book is written in disproof, and points up the astonishing arrogance of Abelard, who seriously suggested that the Holy Ghost was the soul of the world, that faith was a choice of opinion, and seventeen equal enormities, were true because he advanced them. Even in his retractions, as Vacandard pointed out, "the submission of the heart, however sincere, does not always correct the errors of the spirit."

Dom Luddy's defense of Saint Bernard echoes Helen Waddell's sympathetic picture of him, and, indeed, Saint Bernard seems to have ideally conformed to his own ideal of the saint. "As the drop of water is diffused in a jar of wine, as molten iron becomes like to fire and casts off its own form, as the air, transfused with sunlight, is transformed into that same brightness of the light, so that it seems not illumined, but itself to be the light, thus in the saints every human affection must in some ineffable mode be liquefied of itself and transfused into the will of God. . . . Love asks neither cause nor fruit beyond itself; I love because I love; I love that I may love." In contrast to this immediacy of experience Abelard's sighs for heaven "truly Jerusalem name we that shore, vision of peace that brings joy evermore" seem but lovely literature. In the French Revolution, Heloïse and Abelard were solemnly dug up, and reinterred together under a pompous monument in Père LaChaise, whilst Saint Bernard was also dug up from Clairvaux, but thrown into a common grave. "E'n in our ashes live their wonted fires" and the contemporary quality of *The Case of Peter Abelard* is obvious.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

The Island. Nard Jones. Sloane. $3.50.

ONCE AGAIN a writer leads us into a dark cavern in search of light. The Island is the story, at least superficially, of how World War II affected some people in Seattle. Lou Benedict, a newspaperman, is narrator, and he is one of that generation too young to fight in 1917, and not really young enough to fight in this war. They enjoyed the brash, boom era of the twenties, when they were filled with . . . "The big gesture and the big talk and the sweet pain of love and the emptiness of life and no God above." They were shocked into brief awareness by the depression, and then sank into apathy until Pearl Harbor. With war came a chance to find themselves and at the same time be noble and patriotic, but even in uniform, and in war-work, they remained the smug, petty, jealous, suspicious people as before—not quite

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as safe, it is true, and a little frightened—even confused, disturbed.

The story is told in a series of flash-backs, one within another, as Lou Benedict examines and dissects his friends, particularly Jack Madcliffe, who twice married women whom Lou loved. At the same time, he takes himself apart piece by piece, exposing a creature with enough objectivity to recognize his own weaknesses as well as those of the people and times he has known. Despite a weak heart, he is taken into the Navy as Public Relations officer, and he is thrown into contact with all the people who run a war, the admirals, the minor departmental officials, the veterans, the war-rally chairmen, the touring speakers, the bewildered parents. He discovers that the desk-bound officers take delight in rank, in their own importance, and knows that the war is almost pleasing to them. He watches his friend Madcliffe, now in Intelligence, pass through tragedy and into sodden dissolution, and discovers that he hates him. He sees men and women twisted into new shapes by war.

Nard Jones, who writes almost exclusively of the Pacific Northwest, knows his part of the country well. He reminds his readers that the Far West went to war, spiritually, in 1931, when Japan marched on Manchuria; he finds and denounces in Seattle and its environs a smug self-satisfaction, yet he has a fondness for the place which is not smothered by condemnation.

His picture in *The Island* is not simply that of the end of an old way of life for a particular region and group, but of the need for change in all regions, and for all people. When Lou Benedict and his friends go off to the Aleutians in search of close touch with actual war, it is man's eternal search for his enemy—but if they find it, they do not know how to defeat it. Nard Jones offers the same question, where are we going, what is our purpose? His answer is negative. We cannot go back. Our purpose is not what it has been. Even so, must it be . . . "the emptiness of life and no God above?"

ELIZABETH ANN COOPER.

Words Into Type. Based on Studies by Marjorie E. Skillin, Robert M. Gay and others. Appleton, $5.00.

THIS IS A GUIDE for writers, editors, proofreaders, printers and if anyone in any of these categories thinks he does not need it, he is wrong. If, for instance, a writer leaves punctuation, printing style, spelling, and various other precisions to the editor, he is well on his way to simply dreaming his pieces. He is shirking his work. If the editor leaves too much to the printer, he is shirking *his* work. This hardly ever happens since the printer will send the stuff back to be properly prepared—the printer has a labor union to protect him. In practice, the printer seems to know everything that is in this book; surely, he must have helped a great deal to make it as complete and useful as it is.

C. G. PAULDING.

The Pageant of India's History. Gertrude Emerson Sen. Longmans. $4.50.

FOR history in one of its more readable forms, this work can be well recommended. Mrs. Sen has succeeded in giving to the reader not only an excellent and quite scholarly view of the history of India from earliest times; she has also succeeded in doing so in an excep-

Volume II of

THE THREE AGES OF THE INTERIOR LIFE

by Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P.

Translated by Sister M. Timothea Doyle, O.P.

This second volume of *The Three Ages of the Interior Life,* like the first volume, is throughout based on sound theological principles and the teaching of the great masters of the mystical life. Its clearness and thoroughness are qualities associated with the name of its eminent Dominican author, Father Garrigou-Lagrange.

The present volume discusses the illuminative way and the unitive way and extraordinary graces. Included in the last division are private revelations, stigmatization, ecstasy, prolonged abstinence, and such diabolical phenomena as obsession and possession.

Too often many souls that are in the way of higher spiritual life fail to receive enlightened direction. Confessors and other spiritual directors, if they are unfamiliar with the ordinary ways of God in this lofty realm, are hesitant to direct such souls in the road to perfection. This defect will be remedied by prudent application of the teachings of ascetical and mystical theology as set forth in *The Three Ages of the Interior Life.*

Souls that earnestly aspire to spiritual growth will likewise profit by a study of these two volumes, which may be considered a sound guide on how to become a saint. $7.50

Previously Published: Volume I, $5.00

For titles of other Garrigou-Lagrange works published by us write for our new annual Catalog of Catholic Books

B. HERDER BOOK CO. 15 & 17 So. Broadway, St. Louis 2, Missouri

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CATHOLIC WORKER

(Member of Catholic Press Association)

A monthly paper dedicated to the cause of labor, the poor, the oppressed.

Written in the language of the man on the street, THE CATHOLIC WORKER is openly and unashamedly the champion of the have-nots.

Articles on strikes, civil liberties, war, national policy, labor unions, the land, the Works of Mercy.

House of Hospitality in New York and 40 affiliated groups and houses in various American cities.

Subscription, 25c per year. Foreign, 80c per year. Bundle orders, 10 or more copies, 1c per copy plus postage.

THE CATHOLIC WORKER
115 Mott St., New York 13, N. Y. C1248

Please send me THE CATHOLIC WORKER for....
years. I am enclosing $..... My subscription
starts with the ..... issue
Name .....
Address .....
Post Office..... State.....

Next Week in THE COMMONWEAL

An American Speaks to Germans
Dorothy Thompson

Socialized Medicine in Saskatchewan
E. C. Chicanot

Changing the World
Edward S. Skillin

The Labor Movement
John C. Cort

IMMACULATA JUNIOR COLLEGE Washington, D. C.

An accredited Catholic Institution for Women. Sisters of Providence of St Mary-of-the-Woods. Resident and Day Students. 2 year transfer course in Liberal Arts. Terminal courses in Home Crafts, Secretarial Science, General, Fine Arts.

SEMINARY—Four Year College Preparatory.
Dunblane Hall—Grades 1 to 8. Address: The Secretary.

tionally pleasing and straightforward manner.

The proof of this lies in the fact that "The Pageant of India's History" is a book which may be read in either of two ways—straight through, or in brief installments. It is admirably suited for pick-up reading, since nearly every page contains some little story or piece of information which is interesting, and often amazing. And the straight-through reader will certainly not find himself suffering from the weariness so often brought on by the pedantic dryness of historical surveys.

Mrs. Sen's style is pleasingly clear throughout. In presenting as vast and complex a subject as that chosen she has not allowed herself any of the digressions which might so easily have entered. Instead, the story of India from the dimmest dawn of prehistory down to about the eleventh century is presented in a clear and straightforward manner. A surprising amount of information is given, without the book ever becoming tiresome or excessively factual.

Of special note, as containing some of the most interesting of all the information presented, are the three final chapters, dealing respectively with the literature of India, Indian cultural influence beyond the seas, and beyond the mountains. Also noteworthy are a relatively complete bibliography, and Edith Emerson's good illustrations.

In short, "The Pageant of India's History" rates a good recommendation. That it will have a rather limited audience is probable, but that is the fault and loss of the audience, not the book. In handling one of the most difficult of historical subjects, Mrs. Sen has done a workmanlike, authoritative and wholly enjoyable job.

J. O. F.

Eastwick, U.S.A. *Howard Hush.* *Dutton.* $3.00.

A SERIES of well presented case histories, drawn up by a sensitive suburban social worker, revealing frightening degrees of inhumanity and irresponsibility within families and on the part of the local well-to-do.

CONTRIBUTORS

Henri PEYRE, of the Department of French, Yale University, is the author of "Writers and Their Critics."

Theodore MAYNARD is a poet, historian, biographer and critic, whose latest book is "A Fire Was Lighted."

James O. FREDERICK is a graduate student at Columbia University.

John COURNOS, critic and essayist, is one of the editors of the O. Henry Award stories.

Ann HUNTER works in the New York publishing house, Aladdin Books.

Paul KINIERY is a dean in the graduate school at Loyola University, Chicago.

Mason WADE of Vermont is the author of "The Journals of Francis Parkman" and other historical and literary works.

Wayne ANDREWS is an historian and author of "Battle for Chicago" and other books.

E. V. R. WYATT is the drama critic of the *Catholic World*.

Margaret BARRINGTON is the author of "Turn Ever Northward."

Elizabeth Ann COOPER is a graduate student at Fordham University.

C. G. PAULDING, former managing editor of THE COMMONWEAL, is presently an editorial staff member preparing a magazine soon to be published in New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Educational Directory

COLLEGE—MEN—RHODE ISLAND

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

A Liberal Arts College
for Men.
Conducted by
The Dominican Fathers.
Providence, R. I.

PREP SCHOOLS—RHODE ISLAND

PORTSMOUTH PRIORY SCHOOL

Portsmouth, Rhode Island. 23 miles from Providence, 8 miles from Newport, on inland waters of Narragansett Bay. Conducted by American Monks of the English Benedictine Congregation, assisted by Lay Masters. Five forms, 8th grade and four years of high school. Standard Preparatory Course for all colleges and technical schools. Added opportunities in Mathematics and Languages. College Board Examination. Full facilities for athletics including sailing. Address Secretary.

NEW JERSEY

DELBARTON SCHOOL

Morristown, New Jersey. An hour's drive from the George Washington Bridge or Holland Tunnel. A country day and boarding school for boys conducted by Benedictine Monks. Six forms, comprising the 7th and 8th grades and four years of college preparatory courses. Small classes. Thorough guidance department. Complete athletic program. Write for prospectus to the Headmaster.

OHIO

GILMOUR ACADEMY

Gates Mills (Cleveland), Ohio. A Resident Preparatory School for Boys. Conducted by The Brothers of Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind. Situated in the picturesque Chagrin Valley in suburban Cleveland, enjoying the facilities afforded by the city's libraries, galleries and museums. Distinctive rural-home atmosphere. 133 acre campus. Educational, cultural, and physical training programs. Fully accredited four year college preparatory course offered. Classes limited to 15 students. Brother Theophane Schmitt, C.S.C., Headmaster.

COLLEGES—WOMEN—PENNSYLVANIA

COLLEGE MISERICORDIA

Dallas, Pennsylvania. A Residential and Day College for Higher Education of Women, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy of the Union—incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania, empowered to confer Degrees — A.B., B.S. in Science, B.S. in General Home Economics, B. Mus., B.S. in Secretarial Science, and Teacher-Training. Fully accredited. Address the Dean or Registrar.

ROSEMONT COLLEGE

Rosemont, Pa. A Catholic College for Women conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Situated on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Eleven miles from Philadelphia. Address the Registrar for information. Telephone Bryn Mawr 4514.

MARYLAND

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles St., Baltimore, Maryland. An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional Advantages. For information address the Registrar.

NEW YORK

COLLEGE OF MT. ST. VINCENT

Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York 63, N. Y. Conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Offers A.B. and B.S. Degrees, Liberal Arts, Nursing, Commerce Education, Pedagogy. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Campus bordering Hudson River. One-half hour from Grand Central, New York City. Write for Bulletin L.

MINNESOTA

COLLEGE OF SAINT TERESA

Winona, Minnesota. For the Higher Education of Catholic Women. Holds membership in the North Central Association of Colleges. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Registered for Teacher's License by New York Board of Regents. Degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Science in Nursing. A standardized Conservatory of Music is maintained in connection with the college. Picturesquely located on the upper Mississippi. One hundred acre campus. Served by the "Zephyr," "Hiawatha," "The 400."

ILLINOIS

ROSARY COLLEGE

River Forest, Illinois. Conducted by the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa, Wisconsin. Approved by the Association of American Universities. Liberal Arts, Home Economics, Library Science. Library School accredited by American Library Association. Foreign Study Branch for Junior Year Abroad at Fribourg, Switzerland.

Classified

★ Rate for your message, 10c a word. 75c a line for displayed copy. Discounts: 5% for 3 times, 10% for 7 times, 15% for 13 times.

BOOKS

★ Books: Used, Old, Rare.
For Librarians, Collectors, Readers.
Huge Stock. Reasonably Priced.
Catalogs Free. Browsers Invited.
Want Lists Solicited. Libraries Purchased.
DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, INC.
66 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

HOTEL

★ COPLEY PLAZA HOTEL
Maurice T. Lawler, *General Manager*
Boston 16, Mass.
2 minutes from Back Bay R. R. Station

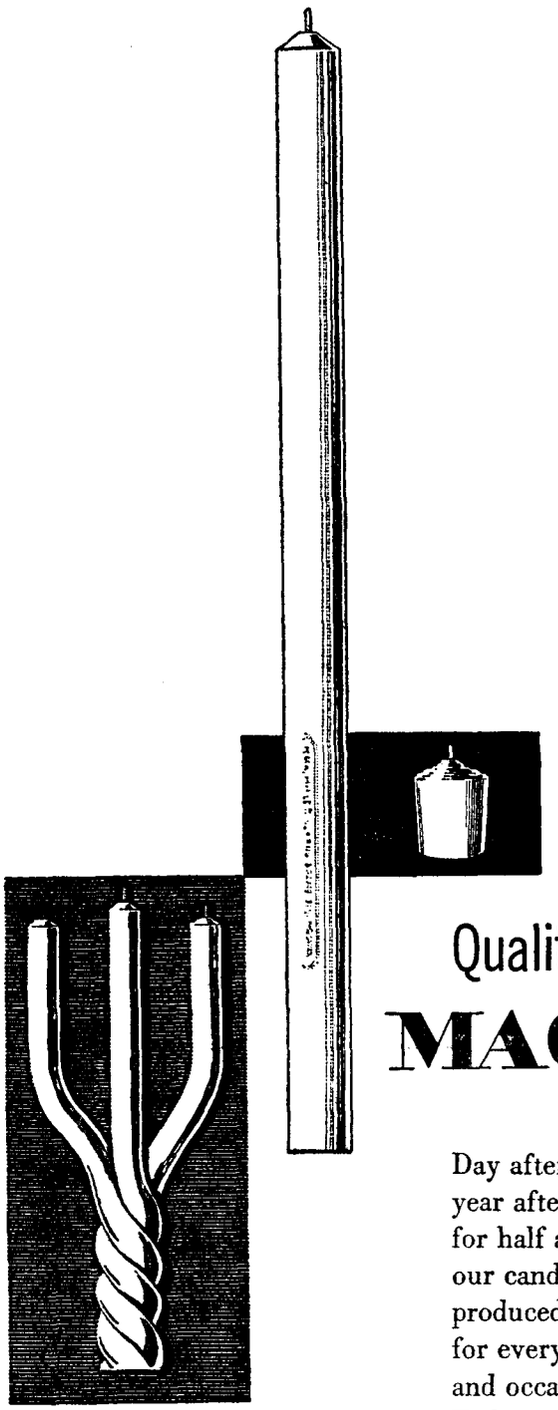
IRISH BOOKS AND GIFTS

★ Books, Linens, Gifts. *Catalogs.*
IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, Inc.
876 Lexington Ave. (near 65th), New York

RESEARCH

★ RESEARCH SERVICE FOR WRITERS
speakers, scholars, business men; surveys, memoranda, single questions, bibliography, etc.
LIBRARY REFERENCE SERVICE
Box 1641, Washington 13, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Quality burns clear in

MACK-MILLER

candles of character

Day after day,
year after year...
for half a century,
our candle craftsmen have
produced ecclesiastical candles
for every church use
and occasion.
Today, as in all the yesterdays,
quality is our
first consideration.

MACK-MILLER
CANDLE CO., INC.
Syracuse 1, New York
New York • Chicago • Boston
In Canada: Niagara Falls, Ont.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED